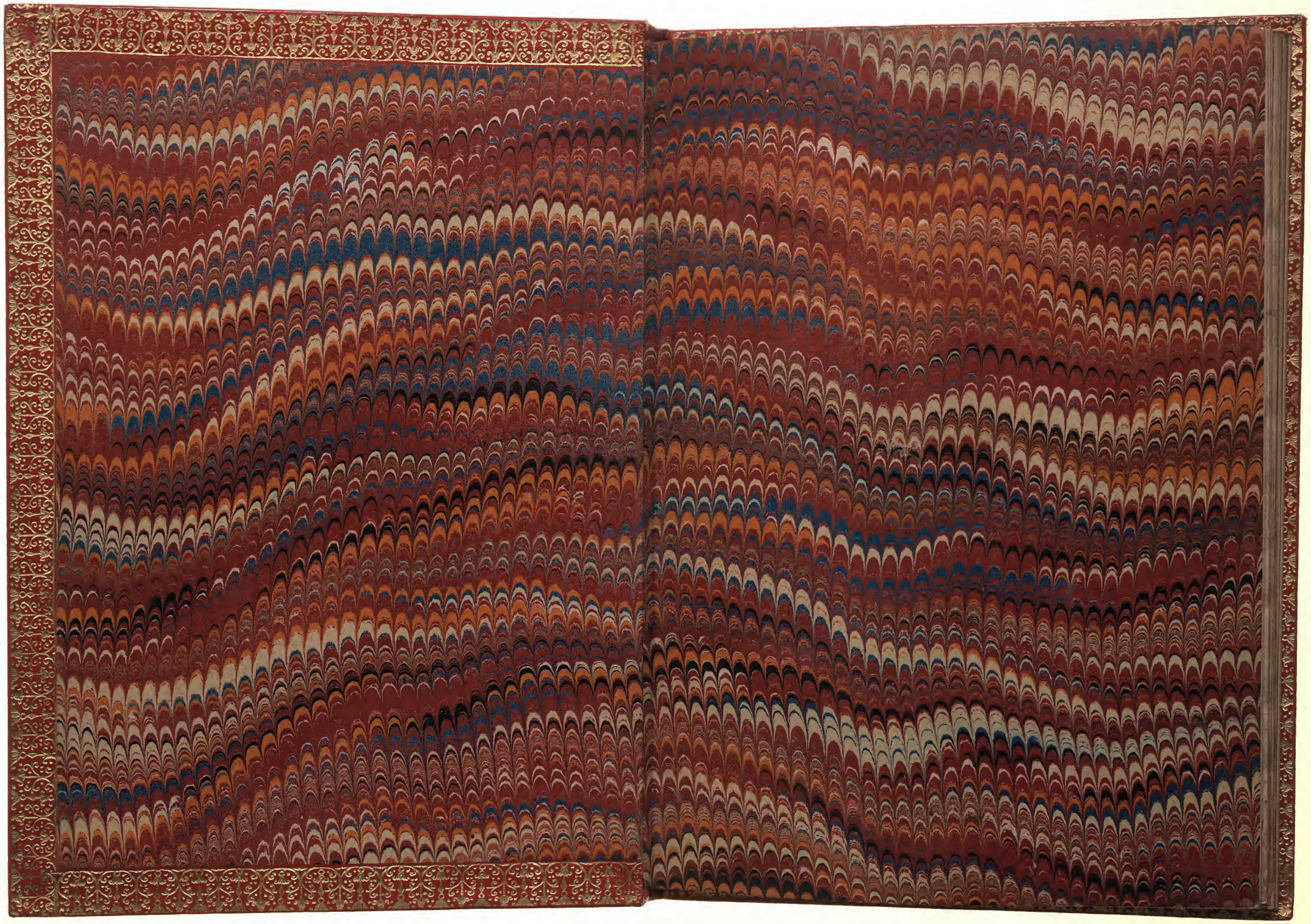


Shakespeare (W)
V
C.34 k. 52.
644. c. 23

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Richard Warner 1740

Contayning his trecherous Plots, against his brother Clarence : *The pittifull murther of his innocent Nepthewes* : his tiranous vsurpation : with the whole course of his detested life, and most *deserued death.*

As it hath beene lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties *Seruaunts.*

Newly agmented.

By *William Shake-speare.*

LONDON.
Printed by *Iohn Norton*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls* Church-yeard, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere S^t. *Augustines* gate,
1629.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloceſter, ſolus.

NOW is the winter of diſcontent,
Made glorious ſommer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the cloudes that low'r vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorius wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments.
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleaſures.
Grim-viſagde war, hath ſmoothd his wrinkled front,
And now inſted of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of feareſull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the laciuious pleaſing of a loue,
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glaſſe:
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfiniſht ſent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant one mine owne deformity:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the Idle pleaſures of theſe dayes:
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

by drunken prophesies libels and dreames,
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King *Edward* be as True and iust
As I am subtile, false and treacherous:
This day should *Clarence* closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which sayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?
Cla. His maiesty tendring my persons safety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is *George*,
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your god fathers:
O belike his maiesty hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophesies and dreames,
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G,
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he;
These as I learne and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man secur'd
But the queenes kindred, and night walking heralds
that truge betweene the King and Mistris *Shore*:
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his deliuery?
Glo. Humbly complayning to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it were our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To bee her men and were her liuery,
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beseech your graces both to pardon me?
His maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degreee soeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen so and please your worship *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing wee say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wise and vertuous and the noble Queene
Well stroke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We say that *Shores* wife hath a pretty foote,
A cherry lip a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (My Lord) my selfe hath nought to do.
Glo. Nought to do with Mistris Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth nought with her excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone,
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?
Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare
Cla. we know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey,
Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow sister,

 I Will

I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brother hood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere the new deliuered Haſtings.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well, are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. with patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemyes, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pitty that the Egle ſhould be mewed
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad,
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly weake and melancholly,
And his Phiſitians feare him mightily.
Glo. now by ſaint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept on ill diet long,
And ouer much conſumed his royall perſon,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till *George* be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen:
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence, With

With lies well ſteeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in,
For then Ile marry Warwicks youngeſt daughter,
What though I kill her husband and her father,
The redieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marring her which I muſt reach vnto,
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill liues, *Edward* ſtill raignes,
When they are gone then muſt I count my gaines *Exit*

Enter Lady Anne, with the herſe of Henry the ſixt.

Lady. Set downe, ſet downe, your honorable Lord.
If honor may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whil'ſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaſter,
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter,
Thou bloudleſſe remnant of that royall bloud,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtered ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfe ſame hands that made theſe holes
Loe in thoſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpeleſſe blame of my poore eyes,
Curſt be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart, that had the heart to doe it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wiſh to *Adders*, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,

If

If euer he haue wife let her be mad,
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And still as you are weary of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian, coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes?
Gen. Stand backe and Let the coffin passe,
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint for charity, bee not so curst.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to vew thy hanious deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead henries wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh,
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall,
Oh God, which this bloud mad'st, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this bloud drink'st, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no rule of charity,
Which render good for bad, blessings for curses,
La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God, nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,
Glo But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth,
Glo, More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquit my selfe.
La. vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leasure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by dispairing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo, I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou liest. Queene *Margret* saw
Thy bloody faulchion smooking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that my brother beat aside the point.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde,
Which neuer dream'st on ought: but butcheryes:
Didst thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deede.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameſull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beauty from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweete beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As al the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuenged on him that ſlew my Husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfe-ſame name but one of better nature,
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *Shee ſpitteth at him.*
Why doeſt ſpit at me?
La. Would it were mortall poyſon for thy ſake.
Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler toade,
Out of my ſight thou doeſt infect my eyes.
Glo. thine eyes ſweete Lady haue infected mine,
La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt teares,
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops,
I neuer ſued to friends nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne ſweete ſmoothing words.
But now thy beauty is propoſde my fee;
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,
Teach not my lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were made.
For kiſſing Lady not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe poynted ſword,
Which if you pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adorneth thee:
I lay it naked to thy deadly ſtroake:
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, doe not pauſe, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe lets*
Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp me. *fall the ſword.*
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue alreadie.

Glo. Tush, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary.
La. I would know thy heart.
Glo, Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
Were both of them for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore supplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse forcuer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designes
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
A presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where, after I haue solemnely enterred
At Chertsie Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boone.
La. with all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressil and *Bartly*, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell alreadie *Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.
Ser. Towards Chertsie noble Lord?
Glo. No to white Fryers there attend my comming:
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exunt Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I haue kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:
With curses in her mouth teares in her eyes.
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:
Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against me:
And I nothing to backe my suite withall
But the plaine Diuel and dissembling lookes,
And yet to win her all the world is nothing? Hah?
Hath shee forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord, Whom I some three moneths since
Stabd in my angry mood at *Tewxbury*?
A sweeter and louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will she yet debace her eyes on me,
That crept the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?
My Dukedome to be a beggerly denier,
I doe mistake my person all this while.
Vpon my life shee finds, although I cannot
My selfe, to be a marualous proper man,
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of tailors
To studie fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost.
But first ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Queene, Lord *Riuers and Gray*,

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his maiesty,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
and cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If he were dead what should betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minority
Is put in the trust of *Rich.* Gloucester,
A man thar loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. It is concluded he shall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarry, *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby.*
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your maiesty ioyfull as you haue bene,
Qu. The Countesse *Richmond* good my Lord of *Darby.*
To your good prayers will scarce say, amen:
Yet *Darby*, not withstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beseech you either not beleeue
The enuious slanders of her accusers,
Or if she be accused in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord *Darby*?
Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam we did, He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of *Glocester* and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord *Chamberlaine*,

And

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Glocester.*
Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complains vnto the King?
That I forsooth am sterne loue them not:
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such dissentious rumours:
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces smooth deceiue and cog
Ducke with Frensh nods, and apish courtesie,
I must be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus in simple truth must be abusde
By silken slie insinuating Iackes?
Ri. To home in this presence speakes your grace.
Glo. To thee that hath no honesty nor grace.
When I haue iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whome God preserue better then you can wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of *Glocester*, you mistake the matter:
The King of his owne royall disposition,
*A*nd not prouokt by any suter else,
*A*yming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:
Makes him to send that whereby wee may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That *wrens* way prey where *eagles* dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come we know your meaning brother *Gloster*,
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue neede of you,

Our

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble those
That scarse some two dayes since were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raisde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to pleade for him.
My lord, you doe me shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw me in, such vile suspect.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.
Riu. She may my Lord,
Glo. She may, L. *Riuers*, why who knowes not so?
She may do more sir then denying that:
She may help you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? she may, yea marry may she.
Riu. What marry may she?
Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.
Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country seruant maid,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at; *Enter Qu. Margret.*
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene.
Q. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,
I will auoch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband *Henry* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore sonne at *Tewxburie*.
Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royallize his blood I spilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband *Grey*,
Were factious for the house of *Lankaster*:
And *Riuers*, so were you. Was not your husband
In *Margrets* battaile at Saint *Albons* slaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
Yea and forswore himselfe (whish Iesu pardon)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) hee is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pitty full like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of *Gloucester* in those busie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We follow then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we now if you should be our King.
Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. Mar As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries King,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse:

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you disposd, you quake like reabels:
O gentile villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo Foule wrinkled, witch, what makst thou in my sight?
Qu. Ma. But repitition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasure you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland*:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.
Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dorset. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.
Buc Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Qu. Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to each each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now one me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile somuch with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward my sonne, which now is prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* my son, which was a Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like vntimely violences,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happy dayes before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of griefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor *Englands* Queene,
Riuers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lord *Hastings*, when my soone
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Qu. Ma. And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt heare me,
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy deerest friends,
No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou elueish markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauy womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.
Glo. Margret.
Qu. Ma. Richard. *Glo. Ha.*
Qu. Ma. I call the not.
Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: for I had thought

Thou haſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why ſo I did,but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Qu Ma. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar one that botled ſpider, tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole foole,thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunch backt toade,
Haſt. Falſe boſting woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu.Ma. To ſerue me well, you ſhould doe me duty,
Teach mee to bee your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
Obſerue me well and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her ſhe is lunatique.
Qu.Ma. Peace maſter Marqueſſe,you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobility could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh them to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it,learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you(my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea,and much more,but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde,and ſcornes the ſunne,
Qu.Ma. And turues the Sunne to ſhade, alas,alas,
Witnes my ſunne now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright ouſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aeries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood,loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Qu. M. Vrge neither charity nor ſhame to me,

Vnchri-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charity is outrage,life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingham*, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buck. Nor none heere for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.
Qu.Mar. Ile not beleeue but they aſſend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O *Buckingham* beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he faunes he bites,and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne,death,and hell haue ſet their markes on him.
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my gratious Lord.
Qu.Mar. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (ſell,
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore *Margret* was a Propheteſſe:
Liue each of you,the ſubiect of his hate,
And he to you,and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand an end to heereher curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at liberty?
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Haſt. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hot to doe ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking one it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well repayd,

Hee

He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it,
Riu. A vertuous and Chriſtian like conclution,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Maddam his Maieſty doth call for you :
And for your noble grace and you my Lord.
Qu. *Catsby* we come, Lords will you goe with vs.
Ri. Maddam we will attend your grace. *Exunt Ma. Glo.*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braul,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuious charge of others :
Clarence, whome I indeede haue laid in darkeneſſe :
I doe beweepe to many ſimple gulls :
Namely to Haſtings, Darby Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies.
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother,
Now they beleeue me, and withall wet me
To bee reuenged one *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.
But then ſigh, and with a peece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill :
And thus I cloath my naked villany
With old od ends, ſtolen out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a S. when moſt I play the diuell.
But ſoft heere comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*
How now, my hardly ſtout reſolued mates,
Are yea not going to diſpatch this deed ?
Exe. We are my Lord and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me,
When you haue done repaire to Croſby place :
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution :
Withall, obdurate : doe not heere him pleade,
For *Clarens* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May mooue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtant to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured :
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eyes drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop teares.
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe. *Exunt*
Enter Clarence Brokenbury.
Bro. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day ?
Cla. O I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames :
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to by a world of happy dayes,
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame ? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla Me thought I was imbarkt for burgundy,
And in my company my brother *Gloceſter*,
Who from my cabben tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches there he lookes toward *England*,
And cited up a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*,
That had befallen vs : as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that *Gloceſter* ſtumbled and in ſtumbling,
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine :
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dredfull noyſe of water in mine eares,
What a ſight of death within mine eyes :
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, greate Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As if it twere in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the ſlimie bottome of the deepe,
And mokt the dead bones that lay ſcatered by.
Brok. Had you ſuch leaſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe ?
Cla. Me thought I had : for ſtill the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth.
To keepe the empty, vaſt, and wandring ayre,

But

But smothred it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancoly flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great Father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke monarchie aford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out a loud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periurd *Clarence*?
That stabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seaze one him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentile keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy and I faine would sleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howres
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their title for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
The murderers enter.
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exe. I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs,
Bro. Yea, are ye so briefe?
2. *Exe.* O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him your Commission, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
the noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there sits the Duke a sleepe.
Ile to his maiesty and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you,
Exe. Do so it is apoynt of wisdome.
2. What shall we stab him as he sleepes?
1. Noe then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till the Iudgement day.
1. Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping.
2. The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorse in me.
1. What art afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1. Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*, tell him so.
2, I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one could tell xx. (me
1. How doest thou feele thy selfe now?
2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within
1. Remember our reward when the deede is done,
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1. Where is thy conscience now?
2. In the Duke of *Glocester* purse.
1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.
2. Let it goe ther's few or none will entertaine it.
1. How if it come to thee againe?

2. Ile

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot ſteale,
But it accuſeth him, he cannot ſteale but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife but it detects,
Him, it is a bluſhing ſhamefull ſpirite that mutinies
In a mans boſome: it fils one full of obſtacles,
It made me once reſtore a peece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, and endeauours to truſt
To himſelfe, and liue without it.

1. Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow, perſwading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the diuill in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would inſinuate with thee to make thee ſigth.

1. Tut I am ſtrong in fraud he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that reſpects his reputation,
Come ſhall we to this geare?

1. Take him ouer the coſtard with the hilt of my ſword,
And then we will chop him in the Malmſey, but in the next roome:

2. Oh excelent deuice, make a ſoppe of him.

1. Harke, he ſtirs, ſhall I ſtrike?

2. No, firſt lets reaſon with him. *Cla. awaketh.*

Cla. Where are thou keeper, giue mee a cup of wine.

1. You ſhall haue wine enough, my Lord anone.

Cla. in Gods name what art thou:

2. A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as wee are loyall.

Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2. My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly doeſt thou ſpeake?
Tell mee, who are you? wherefore came you hither?

Am. To, to, to.

Cla. To murther me? *Am. I.*

Cla. You ſcarce haue the heart to tell mee ſo,
And therefore cannot haue the heart to doe it,
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1. Offended

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconciled to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.

Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To ſlay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence to accuſe me?
What lawfull queſt hath giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuicte by courſe of law?
To threaten me with death is moſt vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Chriſts deare blood ſhed for our greeuous ſinnes,
That you depart and lay no hand one mee,
The deede you vndertake is damnable,

1. What wee will doe, we doe vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded vs is the King.

Cla. Erroneous vaſſaile, the great King of Kings,
Haue in his Table of his Law commanded,
That thou ſhalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fullfill a mans?
Take heede, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.

2. And that ſame vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For falſe forſwearing and for murther too?
Thou didſt receiue the holy Sacrament,
To fight the quarel of the houſe of Lancaſter.

1. And like a traitor to the name of God,
didſt breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnript the bowels of thy Soneraignes ſonne,

2. Whome thou wert ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1. How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou haſt brooke it in ſo deere degree?

Cla. Alas, for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his ſake:
Why firs he ſends you not to murder me for this,
For in this ſin he is as deepe as I,
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princly Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother hate not me,
I am his brother and I loue him well:
If you be hire for neede goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother *Gloucester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiued your brother *Gloucester* hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues mee and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charged vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship.
Bid *Gloucester* thinke on this and hee will weepe,
Am. I milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe,
Cla. O, doe not slaunder him for he is kind.
1. Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis hee that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs
That he would labour my deliuery.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thrauldome: to the ioyes of heauen,
1. make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell mee to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, for murdring me?
Ah sirs consider he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish.
My friends I spie some pitty in yous lookes;
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou one my side and intreete for me:
A begging Prince what beggar pitties not?
1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the maln.esey But in the next roome.
2. *A* bloody deed and desperatly performd,
How faine would I like *Pilate* wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.
1. Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay, *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.

King. So now I haue done a good dayes worke,
Your Peares continue the vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hasting, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purged from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.
King. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to bee the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.
Kin. Maddam, your selfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue bene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Heere *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Has. And so I sweare my Lord.
Kin. Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me hapy in his vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish mee
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Gloucester* here,
to make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peares, a happy time of day.
Kin. Happy indeede as wee haue spent the day,
Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong inscensed peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false inteligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to mee to be at emnity.
I hate it and desire all good mens loue.
First Maddam I intreat peace of you,
Which I purchace with my dutious seruice.
Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs,
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentilemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whome my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility,
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter,
I would to God all strife were well compounded,
My soueraigne leige I do beseech your maiesty
To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.
Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be thus scornd in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You doe him iniury to scorne his coarse.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* as the rest?
Dor. I my good Lord and noone in this presence
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerst.
Glo. But He poore soule by our first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the couuntermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet goe currant from suspition.

Enter Darby.

Dar,

Dar. A boone (my ſouereigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my ſoule is full of ſorow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once what it is thou demandeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſouereigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending one the Duke of *Norffolke*.
Kin. Haue I a Tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardone to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man his fault was thought,
And yet his punniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeled at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe he reſcued me,
And ſayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he lappe me,
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb could night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt and not a man of you
Had ſomuch grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare redeemer,
You ſtraight are one your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you.
But for my brother not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngratious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: the proudeſt one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings helpe mee to my cloſet, oh poore *Clarence*
Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawneſſe: marke you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death:
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort *Edward* with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our Father dead?
Dut. No Boy. (breaſt?
Boy. Why doe you wring your hands and beat your
And crie, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy ſonne?
Girle. Why doe you looke on vs and ſhake your head?
And call vs wretched, Orphanes, caſtawaies,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My pritty Coſens you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him now your fathers dead:
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt.
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and ſhallow inocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſed your fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle *Glocester*
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kiſt my cheekes,
And bad me relie on him as one my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.
Dut. Oh that deceite ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceite.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noyſe is this?

 Enter

Enter the Queene.

Qu Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widdow yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I
Then, being but moity of my selfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good aunt, you weept not for my fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept,

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring foorth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moone,
May send foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Awbe.

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord *Clarence.*

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*,

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?

Ambo. What stay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?

Dut. What stay had I but they and they are gone?

Qu. Was euer widow, had so deare a losse:

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had so deere a losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse
Alas I am the mother of these moanes,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for *Edward* weepes, and so do I:
I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for *Clarence* weepe and so do I:
I for an *Edward* weepe, and so doe they,
Alas, you three on me three-fould distrest,
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glocester*

Glo. Maddam haue comfort all of vs haue cause *with others*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Maddam my mother I doe cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy minde,
Loue, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me to die a good old man:
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing,
I marualle why her grace did leaue it out?

Buc You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peares,
That beare this mutuall heauy loade of moane,
Now cheare each others in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lastly splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept,
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to London to be crownd our King.

Glo.

Glo. Then be it so : and goe wee to determine
who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow?
Maddam and you my mother will you goe,
To giue your sensures in this weighty businesse.
Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt manet Glo. Buck.*
Buc. My Lord, who euer Iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde :
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the story we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistory
My Oracle, my prophet, my deere Cosen:
I like a child will goe by thy direction :
Towards Ludlow then for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1. Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2. I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1. Heare you the newes abroad?
2. I, that the King is dead.
1. Bat newes birlady, seldome comes better,
I feare, I feare twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter ano-*
3. *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hould of good King *Edwards* death?
1. It doth. 3. Then masters looke to see a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3. Wo to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2. In him there is hope of gouernment,
That in his sonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full ripened yeares, himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1. So stood the case when Harry the sixt
was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.
3. Stood the state so; no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously inricht
With politicke graue counsell : then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all :

For

For emulation now, who shall be earnest,
Which touch vs all too neere if God preuent not
Oh full of danger is the Duke of *Glocester*,
And the Queenes kindred haughtie and proude,
And were they to be rulde, and not rule,
This fickly land might solace as before.
2. Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well,
3. When clouds appeare, wise men put one their clokes.
When greate leaues fall, the winter is at hand :
When the sunne sets who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make them expect a dearth :
All men be well : but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue, or I expect,
1. I truly the soules of men are full of dread :
Yea cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauy and full of feare.
3. Before the time of change, still is it so:
By a deuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boystrous storme :
But leaue it all to God : whether away?
2. We are sent for to the Iustice.
3. And so was I, ile beare you company. *Exeunt*

Enter Cardinals, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Nothampton,
At stony-strat-ford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day will they be heare.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heere no they say my sonne of *Yorke*
Hath ouertane him in growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my yong cousen it is good to grow.
Yor. Granam, on night as we did sit at supper,
My vncle *Riuers* talkt how I did grow
More then my brother, I quoth my Vncle *Glo.*
Small earbs haue grace, great weeds grow a pace :
And since me thinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers, are slow, and weedes make hast.

Dut.

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques *Dorset*,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloceſter* and *Buckingham*.
Car, For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady-
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seaze the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerous,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O prepostrous
And frankticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets sound Enter young prince, Duke of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome sweete Cosen my thoughts soueraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses one the way.
Haue made it tedious, wearisome and heauy,
I want more Vncles heere to welcome me:
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Those vncles which you want were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their sugred words,
But looke not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

God keepe you from them and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maire.

Lo.M. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy (daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no, *Enter L. Hast.*
Buc. And in good time heere comes the sweating Lord,
Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes not I:
The Queene, your mother, and your brother *Yorke*
Haue taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace:
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*
Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate
To milde intreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne.
Buc. You are too senceleese obstinate my Lord,
Too ceremonius and Traditionall:
Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,
You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once?
Come one Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?
Hast. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vncle *Gloucester*, if our brother come,
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please as shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I doe not like the Tower of any place,
Did *Iulius Cæsar* build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did my gracious Lord begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue re-edified.
Prin. Is it vpon record or else reported
Successiuely from age to age hee built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But say my Lord it were not registerd,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vncle?
Glo. I say with out Caracters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That *Iulius Cæsar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen *Buckingham.*
Buc. What my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man.

Ile winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King,
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.

Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*,
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke* how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late hee died that might haue kept this title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſty,
Glo. How faires our couſen noble Lo. of *Yorke*.
Yor. I thanke you gentile vncle; O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth;
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. and therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couſen with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my couſen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the ſword too it.
Glo. I gentle couſen were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begegr nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lo.
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will ſtill bee croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor, You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe

Becauſe that I am little like an *Ape*.
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me one your ſhoulders.
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouided wit hee reaſons,
To mitigate the ſcorne hee giue his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelſe:
So cunning and ſo young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo. wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe and my good couſen *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord protector will haue it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghoſt:
My Granam told me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no vncles dead,
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare.
But come my L. with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt, Prin, Yor, Haſt, Dor. manet, Biſh, Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo. this little prating *Yorke*,
Was not incenced by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perlous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers from the top to the toe,
Buc. Well let them reſt: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie matter
To make *William* L. *Haſtings* of our minde,
For the inſtalment of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate royall of this famous Ile?
Cat. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wone to ought againſt him.
Buc, What thinkeſt thou then of Stanley, what will he?

Cat.

Cat. He will doe all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings*, how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If he be willing,
Encourage him and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lo. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentile Mis *Shore* one gentile kiſſe the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this buſſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall wee heere from you *Catesby* ere wee ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there ſhall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord what ſhall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſomewhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of mee
The Earledome of *Herford* and the mooueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buc. Ile claime that promiſe at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
we may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the doore?
Meſſ. A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter Lo. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:
First

First he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night, the Boare had caſt his helme:
Beſides he ſayes, there are two counſels held,
And that many be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeedy poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Good fellow goe returne vnto my Lord:
Bid him not feare the ſeparated counſels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other is my ſeruant *Catesby*:
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are ſhallow wanting inſtancy.
And for his dreames I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of vnquiet ſlumbers.
To flie the Boare before the Boare perſues vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane to chaſe:
Go bid thy maſter riſe and come to me,
And wee will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare will vſe vs kindly,
Meſſ. My gracious Lord Ile tell him what you ſay. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to Lord Haſtings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early ſtirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. it is a reeling world indeede my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer ſtand vpright
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. Who? weare the Garland? doeſt thou meane the Crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoulders,
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule miſplaſte:
But canſt thou geſſe that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

Vpon his party for the gaine there of,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeede I am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maſters heires in true diſent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde,
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat*. What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a Fort-night make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing that yet thinke not one it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they doe and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catsby*:
You may ieſt one, but by the holy Roode,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall counſels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as, I am?
Stan. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And

And indeede had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day o'recaſt,
This ſuddaen ſcab of rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my Lord ſhall we to the Tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes?
This day thoſe men you talke of are beheaded.
Stan. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſed them weare their hats:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Stanley, & Cat.*
Haſt. Go you before Ile follow preſently.

Enter Haſtings a Purſiuant.

Haſt. Well met *Haſtings*, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your good Lordſhip to aſk?
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee laſt where now we meete
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes alies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemyes are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Haſt. Gramercy *Haſtings*, hold ſpend thou that.

He giues him his purſe.

Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. What Sir *Iohn*, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your laſt dayes exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whiſpers*

Enter Buckingham. (*in his eare.*

Buc. How now Lord *Chamberlaine*, what talking with a
Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe need the Prieſt. (prieſt.
Your Honour hath no ſtriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence,
Haſt. Tis like enough for I ſtay dinner there.
Buc. And ſupper too although thou knoweſt it not:

Come

Come ſhall wee goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, priſoners,

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou ſhalt be hold a ſubiect die,
For truth for duty and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond heere was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margrets* curſe it falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why wee are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name ſay when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I geſſe a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke? his mind

Biſh. Why you my L. me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine.

Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neere in loue.

Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I preſume he will take in good part.

Biſh. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himſelfe.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all good morrow,
I haue beene long a ſleepe, but now I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue beene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. *Haſtings* had now pronounſt your part:
I meane your voyce from crowning of the King.

Glo. Then my L. *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.

Haſt. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of *Elie*.

Biſh. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good ſtrawberies in your garden there,
I doe beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Biſh. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His maiſters ſonne as worſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royalty of *Englands* throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Biſhop of Elie.

Biſh. Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue ſent for theſe ſtrawberries.

Haſt. His grace lookes cherefully and ſmooth to day,
Thers ſome conceite or other liks him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then hee:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewde it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diueliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death,
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſwere,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca, with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he looke vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh now I warrant the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour,
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*: now thy heauie curſe
Is lightened on poore *Haſtings* wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke would bee at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worlly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in the aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken ſayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head.
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, in armour.

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou quake & change thy coloure
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and madd with terror,
Buc. Tut feare not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe *Traiedian*,
Speake and looke backe and prie on euery ſide;
Intending deepe ſuſpition gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior,*
Glo. Here comes the maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord maior
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.
Glo. *Catesby* ouer looke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme,
Glo. Looke backe defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our inocency defend vs
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Heere is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected *Hastings.*
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The History of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with *Shores* wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.
Buc. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleue, were it not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? the subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me and my good Lord *Gloucester.*
Ma. What had he so?
Glo. What thinke ye, we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that wee should against the course of Law,
Proceede thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perrill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safety
Inforst vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer looke for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistris *Shore.*
Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Some what against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same.

Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconstrue vs in him, and waile his death.
Ma. My good L. your gracious word shall serue,
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish your Lordship here,
To auoyd the carping censures of the world.
Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.
Glo, After, after cousen *Buckingham.* *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards *Guild-hall* hies him in all post,
There at your meetest aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of *Edwards* children:
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeede) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxury,
And beastiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controle lifted to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiat *Edward*, noble *Yorke*,
My princely father then had warres in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, my brother liues.
Buc. Feare not my Lord, Ile play the Orator
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe,
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied

Vnto

With reuerend fathers and well learned Biſheps.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and ſo my Lord farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take ſome priuie order (*Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brates of *Clarence*, out of ſight,
And to giue notice that no manner of perſon
At any time haue recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet hand fairely is ingroſſ'd,
That it may be this day red ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I ſpent to writ it ouer,
For yeſternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,
The preſident was full as long a doeing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres liu'd Lord *Haſtings*
Vntainted, vnexamined: free at liberty:
Here's a good world the while, Why who's ſo groſſe
That ſees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who ſo blind but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the world and all will come to nought,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſeene in thought: *Exit.*

Enter Gloeeſter at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what ſayes the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme and ſpeake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the baſtardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buc. I did: with the inſatiate greedineſſe of his deſires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne baſtardy,
As being got your father then in *France*:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father:
Both in forme and nobleneſſe of minde:
Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:
Your Diſcipline in warre, wiſedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeede left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Vntouch't or ſleightly handled in diſcourſe:
And when my oratory grew to end,

I bad

I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry God ſaue *Richard* Englands royall King.
Glo. A, and did they ſo?
Buc. No ſo God helpe me,
But like dumbe ſtatues or breathleſſe ſtones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them:
And aſkt the Maior what meanes this wilful ſilence?
His anſwere was the people were not wont
To be ſpooke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inſerd:
But nothing ſpake in warrant from himſelfe:
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And ſome ten voyces cryed, God ſaue King *Richard*
Thankes noble Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applauſe and louing ſhoute,
Argues your wiſedome and your loue to *Richard*:
And ſo brake off and came away.
Glo. what tongueleſſe blockes were they, would they not ſpeake?
Buc. No by my troth my Lord,
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
Buc. The Mayer is heere: and intend ſome feare,
Be not ſpoken withall, but with mighty ſute:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And ſtand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy deſcant:
Be not eaſie wonne to our requeſt:
Play the maydes part, ſay no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canſt pleade as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy iſſue.
Buc. you ſhall ſee what I can do, get you vp to the leads, *Ex.*
Now my Lord Maior, you dance attendance heere,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoken withall. *Enter Catesby*
Here comes his ſeruant: how now *Catesby*, what ſayes hee?
Cat. My Lord he doth intreat your grace
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:

He

He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward:*
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignety thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Ma. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs-nay.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What ſayes your Lord?
Cat. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace:
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to daw them hence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, and two Biſhops aloft.

Mai. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous

Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious prince,
Lend fauorable eares to my requeſt:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch Apologie,
I rather doe beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your graces pleaſure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.
Glo. I doe ſuſpect, I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeeme diſgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance:
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it pleaſe your grace
At our intreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Elſe wherefore breath I in a Chriſtian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you reſigne
The Supreame Seate, the throane maieſticall,
The Scepter office of your Anceſtors.
The lineall glory of your royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which heere we waken to your Countries good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſcars of infamy,
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallowing gulph
Of blinde forgetfullneſſe and darke obliuion:
Which to recouer we hartily ſolicite
Your gracious ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraignty thereof,
Not as *Protector*, Steward, Subſtitute,
Nor lowly factor for an others gaine?
But as ſucceſſiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth your Emperie, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Citizens,
Your worſhipfull and very louing friends,
And by there vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come I to mone your Grace.
Glo. I know not whither to depart in ſilence,

Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mighty sea,
Then in my greatenesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked there's no neede for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if neede were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of maiesty;
And make no doubt vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would on me:
The right and fortune of his happy starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buc. My Lord this argues conscience in your grace
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well cosidered.
You say that *Edward* is your brothers sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* wife:
For first he was contracted to Lady *Lucie*.
Your mother liues, a witnesse to that vow,
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To *Bona* sister to the King of *France*,
These both put by a poore peticioner,
A care-crazed mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widdow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made price and purchace of his lustfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declension loathed bigamie,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the Prince,
More bitterly could expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limet to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignity?
If not to blesse vs and the land withall.
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of a busie time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.
May. Do, good my Lord, your citizens entreat you
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute.
Glo. Alas, why should you heape those cares on me
I am vnfit for state and dignity:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to youre kin,
And equally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you except our sute or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downefall of your house:
And in this resolution here I leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no more.
Glo. O doe not sweare my Lord of *Buckingham*.
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their sute.
Ano. Do good my Lord, least all the land doe rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
Cousen of *Buckingham*, and you sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on My backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the loade,

But

But if blacke ſcandall or ſo foule fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.
May. God bleſſe your grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buc. Then I ſalute you with this kingly title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
May. *Amen.*
Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo,
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your grace.
Glo. Come let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good couſen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutches of Yorke, Marques Dorſet at one doore, Dutches of Gloceſter at another doore.

Dut. Who meetes vs heere my Neece *Plantagenet*?
Qu. Sifter well met, whither away ſo faſt?
Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender princes there.
Qu. Kind ſiſter thankes weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Maddam and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraightly charged to the contrary.
Qu. The King, why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercy I meane the Lord *Protector*.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bonds betwixt there loue and me:
I am their mother who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.
Dut. Glo. Their *Aunt* I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then feare not thou, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee one my perill.
Lieu. I doe beſeech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerent looker one, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt goe with me to *Weſtminſter*,
There to be crowned *Richards* royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſound
With this dead liking newes.
Dor. Madam haue comfort, how fares your grace?
Qu. O *Dorſet*, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouer ſtrip death, goe croſſe the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leaſt thou increace the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margrets* curſe,
Nor mother, wife, nor *Englands* counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to my ſonne,
To meete you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardy by vnwiſe delay.
Dut, Yor. O ill diſperſing winde of miſery,
O my accurſed wombe the bed of death,
A Cokatrice hath thou hatcht to the world,
Whoſe vnauoyded eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haſt was ſent for.
Dut. *And* I in all vnwillingneſſe will goe,
I would to god that the incluſiue verge
Of goulden mettall that muſt round my browe,
Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Anoynted let me be with deadly poyſon,
And die ere men can ſay God ſaue the Queene.

Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut.Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* courſe,
When the blood was ſcarſe waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, When I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy Wife if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee.
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of mine owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pitty thy complaints.
Dut.Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule thou takeſt thy leaue of it.
Dut,Yor. Go thou to *Richmond* & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eighty old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles

King. Stand all a part. Couſen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcends his throne.*

Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
Add thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we were theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and foreuer may they laſt.
King. O *Buckingham* now I doe play the touch,
To try if thou be currant gold indeede:
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now what I would ſay
Buc. Say on my gracious ſoueraigne.
King Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buc Why ſoe you are my thrice renowned Liege,
King. Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but *Edward* liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true noble Prince,
Couſen thou wert not wont to be ſo dull,
Shall I be plaine I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddainly performde,
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe,
Buc. Your grace may doe your pleaſure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindneſſe freezeth,
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſhall die?
Buc. Giue me ſome breath my Lord,
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your grace imediatlie.
Cat. The King is angry ſee he bites his lip.
King. I will conuerſe with iron wittie fooles,
And vnreſpectiue *Boyes*, none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes:
Boy, high reaching *Buckingham* growes circumſpect.
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whome corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes matcht not his haughty minde,
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

King

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe resoluing witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor is abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meene borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?
Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.
King, Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord; but I had rather kill two deepe enemies,
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemyes.
Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.
Tir, Let me haue meanes to come to them.

And soone lie rid you from the feare of them,
King. Thou singst sweete musicke, Come hither *Tirrill*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. *Hee whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee and preferre thee too.
Tir. Tis done my good Lord.
King. Shall wee heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?
Tir. Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buckingham.*
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.
King. Well let that passe *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. Stanley, he is your wiues sonne: Well lookt too it.
Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herford and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.
King. Stanley looke to your wife, if they conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.
Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?
King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps,
Buc. My Lord.
King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.
Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.
King. Richmond, When last I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,
And called it Rugemount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*
Buc. My Lord.
King. I whats a clocke?
Buc: I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promisde me.
King. Well but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King. Becauſe that like a Iacke thou keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
King. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo, rewards hee my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Haſtings and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tiranous and bloody deede is done,
The moſt arch-acts of pittious maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forreſt* girdling one another
Within their inocent alablaſter armes,
Their lipes like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
Which in there ſommer beauty kiſt each other,
A booke of prayer one their pillow laie,
which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villian ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told, on we ſmoothered
The moſt repleniſht ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And heare he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrell*, and I happy in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your hapyneſſe, bee happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrill*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I doe not know.
King. Come to mee *Tirrill* ſoone after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire, *Exit Tirrill.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp cloſe,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welchmen*
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth,
King Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leueld army:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leades impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,
Then fiery expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King:
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margret ſola.

Qu. Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſllie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence

Will

Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes heere,

Enter the Queene and the Duchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?
Qu, Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweete son.
Dut. Blinde sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?
Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Qu, Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell ouer your woes again: by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him,
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:
Qu, Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That soule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, for this carnall curre
Preyes on the issue of his mothers body,
And make her pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. O, *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me I haue wept for thee.
Qu, Mar. Beare with me I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this tragicke play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smothered in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand,
Ensues his pitteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bonds of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say the Dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toad.
Qu Mar. I call thee then vaine flourish of my fortune,
I call thee then poore shaddow painted Queene,
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high to be hurled downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou were, a breath, a bubble,

A signe

A ſigne of dignity, a gariſh flagge,
To bee the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to me and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
where be the thronging troupes that followed thee
Decline all this and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, amoſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a uery Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humble ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
These Engliſh woes will make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemyes.
Qu, Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare deaths happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Betrring thy loſſe make the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. M. Thy woes will make them ſharp & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your clients woes,
Aiery ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they doe impart
Helpe not all, yet not doe they eaſe the hart.
Dut. If ſo, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmoo her
My damned ſonne, which thy too ſonnes ſmother'd
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with drummes and trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Had'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where ſhou'd be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarene*?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Riuers Vaughan, Gray*,
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tell-taile women
Raile on the Lord anointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumepts*
Either be patient and intreat me faire, *ſounds.*
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my Father and your ſelfe.
Dut, Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. and briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Dut. art thou ſo haſtie I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.
King. and came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:

A

A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Teeche and waiward was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wild and furious;
Thy age confirmde, proud subtile, bloudie trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac'd me in thy company?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my company:
If it be so gratious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more,
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from his warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleate armour that thou wearst,
My prayers on the aduerse party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemyes,
And promise them successe in victory,
Bloody thou art and bloody will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though farr more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamy,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth shee is of royall blood.
Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is onely safest in her birth.
Qu. And onely in that safety died her brothers.
King. Loe at their births good starres are opposite.
Qu. No to there liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny,
Qu. True when auoyded grace makes destany,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
King. Madam so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile armes,
As intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.
Qu. What good is couered with the face of heauen,
To be discouered that can doe me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mighty Lady,
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignity and height of honor,
The high inperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wtongs
Which thou suppos'st I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
King Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter,
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I thanke thee for it,
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of *England.*

Qu. Say then who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt aquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart,
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometimes *Margret*
Did to thy Father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea, and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchace with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. but how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end,
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loths ſuch ſouereingtie.

King.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely tould.
King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not Honeſt is to harſh a ſtile,
King. Madam your reaſons are too ſhallow and too quicke,
Qu. O no my reaſons are too deepe and dead:
Too deepe and dead poore infants in there graue,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake,
King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophain'd, diſhounor'd, and the third vſerped,
King. I ſwere by nothing,
Qu. By nothing for this is no oath,
The George prophain'd, hath loſt his holy honour:
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt diſgrac't his Kingly dignity,
If nothing thou wilt ſwere to be beleeued,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd,
King. Now, by the world:
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs:
King. My Fathers death:
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonor'd.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt:
King. Why then by God:
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnity the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oth by him,
The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had grac't the tender tembles of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowe for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong'd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by the paſt wrong'd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtered,

Vn-

Vngouernd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old withred plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus;
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good,
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to bee my selfe?
King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.
King. but in your daughters wombe Ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture,
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother in the deed.
Qu. I goe, writ to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit, Qu.*
Relenting foole and shallow changing womani *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne one the Westerne coast,

Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarm'd and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull expecting but the aide,
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them a shore,
King. Some light-foot friend post to the D. of *Norfolke.*
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cat. Heere my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,
When thou comest there, dull vnmindfull villaine
Why stands thou still, and goest not to the Duke?
Cat. First mightie soueraigne let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
King. O true good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at *Salisbury.*
Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at *Salisbury*?
King. Why, what shouldst thou doe there before I goe?
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should post before.
King. My minde is chang'd sir, my minde is chang'd:
How now what newes with you; *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord to please you with hearing,
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.
King. Hoidaie a riddle neither good nor bad:
Why doest thou runne so many miles about,
When thou maiest tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes;
Dar. Richmond is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuered runagate what doth he there;
Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by guesse
King. Well sir, as you guesse,
Dar. Stird vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue but we?
And who is *England's* King, but great *Yorkes* heire?

Then

Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?
Dar. vnlesse for that my Leige I cannot guesse.
King. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King. Where is thy power now to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships,
Dar, No my good Lord my friends are in the North,
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar, They haue not beene commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where and what time your maiesty shall please?
King. I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir,
Dar. Most mighty soueraigne
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.
King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be ferme:
Or else his heads assurance is but faile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Leige in Kent the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their aide, and still there power increaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He strikes him.

King.

King, Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death,
Take that vntile you bring mee better newes.
Mes, Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of waters,
The Duke of *Buckinghams* army is dispersed and scattered:
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercy I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him;
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?
Mes Such Proclamation hath beene made my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes, Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord marques *Dorset*,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is dispersed, *Richmond* in *Dorset shire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them one the shore,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on since we are vp in armes.
If not to fight with forraine enemyes,
Yet to beat downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Eare of *Richmond*
Is with a mightie power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royall battell might bee wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham*, be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloody bore,
My son *George Stanley* is francke vp in hold,
If I reuolt off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But

But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath hartilie consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holie King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge: mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then all-soules, daie is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall one me when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day where in I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This is all-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier one my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To

To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margret* was a propheteesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drumes and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And heere receiue we from our father *Stanley*,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping boare,
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,
In your imboweld bosome, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Isle,
Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we learne:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fite against that bloudie homicide.
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. all for our aduantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Heere pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field,
Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norfolke, come hither:
Norfolke, we must haue knockes ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent, heere will I lye to night,

But

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe;
Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why, our battalia trebles that account,
Besides that a Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduers party want:
Vp with my tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day, *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vendrtake it.
Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke!

Cat.

Cat. It is six of the clocke full supper time.
King, I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke and paper;
What is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent.
Cat. It is my Leige, and all things are in readinesse,
King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke*.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesby.
Rat, My Lord.
King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a boule of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy *Ratcliffe*.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saw'st thou the melancholy L. *Northumberland*?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of *Surrey*, and himselfe,
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army chering vp the souldiers.
King. so I am satisfied, giue me a boule of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?
Rat, It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the midst of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say. *Exit Rat.*

Enter Darby to Richmond *in his tent,*

Dar. Fortune and victory sit one thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attorney bl[illegible]sse thee from thy mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good

So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
A flakie darkenesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudy strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
But one thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leasure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweete discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell vpon,
God giue leisure of these rights of loue,
Once more adiew be valiant and speede well.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentilemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke one my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:
That we may praise thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the ghost of prince Ed. son to Henry the sixt
Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.
Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt,
Gost to K. Ric. When I was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: dispaire and die,
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die,
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that Prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.
Ghost. Let me sit heauy one thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fullsome wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*,
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.
Enter the ghosts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan,
Riu. Let me sit heauy one thy soule to morrow,
Riuers, that died at *Pomfret*, dispaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Rich.* bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.
Enter the ghost of L. Hastings.
Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord *Hastings* dispaire and die.
To Rich, Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sake.
Enter the Ghost of two yong Princes
Ghost. Dreame on thy cousens smothered in the tower:
Let vs be layd with in thy bosome *Richard*,
And Weigh thee downe to ruine shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and wake in ioy.

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards unhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, Thy wife that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke one me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou aquiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt the tyrany,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starting out of a dreame.

K Rich. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not deade midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe;
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periury, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie,
I shall dispaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I haue murthered
Came to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. My Lord tis I: the earely village cocke,
Haue thrice done salutation to the morne.
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armour,
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame)
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,
Rat. Nay good my Lord be not affraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Haue strooke more terrour to the soule of *Richard*,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
Armed in proose, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
Vnder our tents Ile play the ewese-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentle men,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord;
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my tent and cried on victory:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
One raised in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
One that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countryes foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If yon doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards draw your willing swords
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the earths could face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and victory.
Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.
King. What sayd *Northumberland* as touching *Richmond?*
Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in armes.
King. He sayd the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.
Rat. He smiled and sayd, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the clocke here *The clocke striketh.*
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord,
King. then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some body,
Rat. My Lord.
King. The sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our army,
I would these dewie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day, why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me looke sadly vpon him.
Enter Norfolke,
Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battell shall bee ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foote.
Our archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surrey*
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow

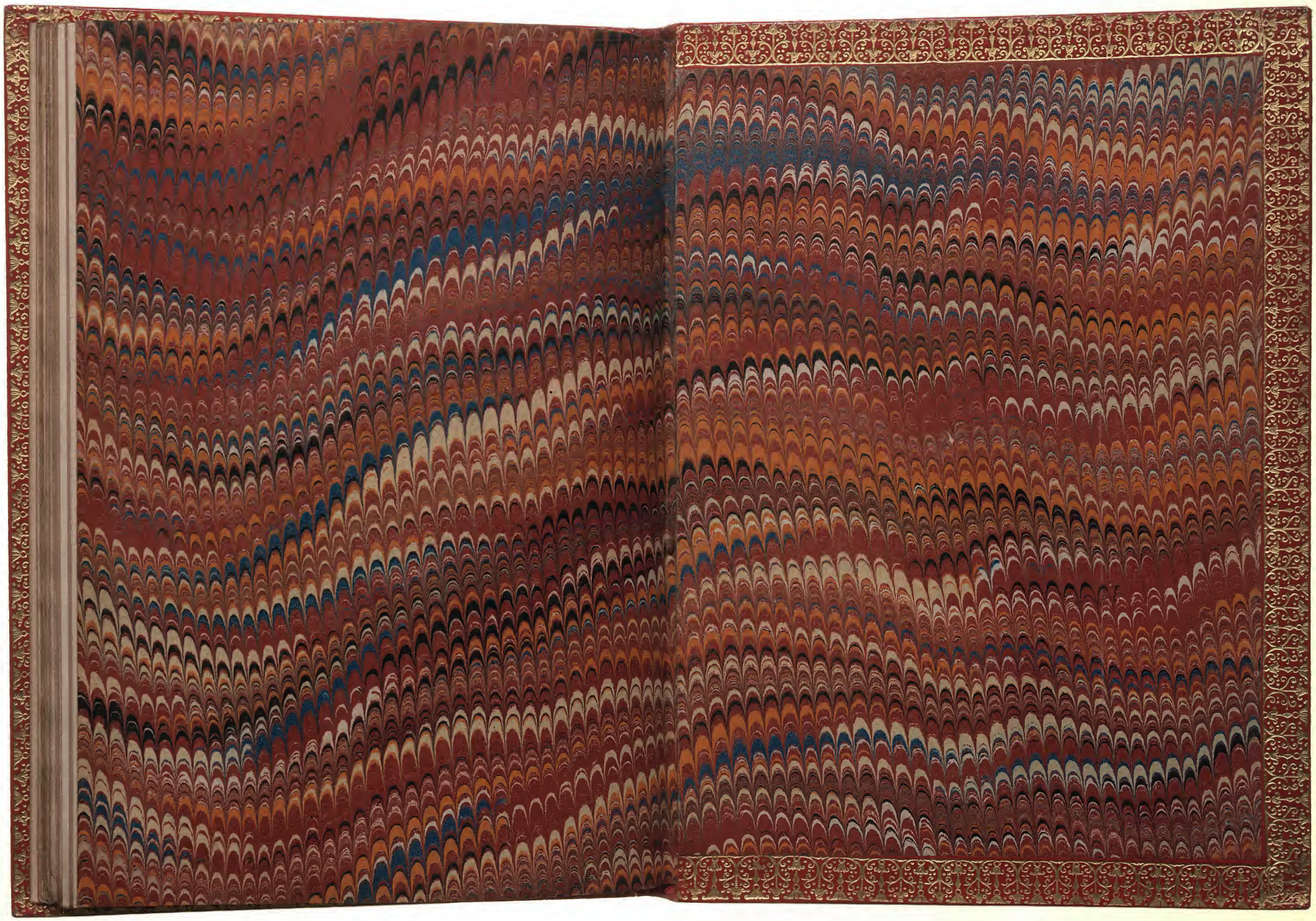
In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall bee well winged with our chiefest horse ?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I one my tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our consciences, our swords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of vababonds, Rascols, and run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey peasants,
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest :
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow :
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues ?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

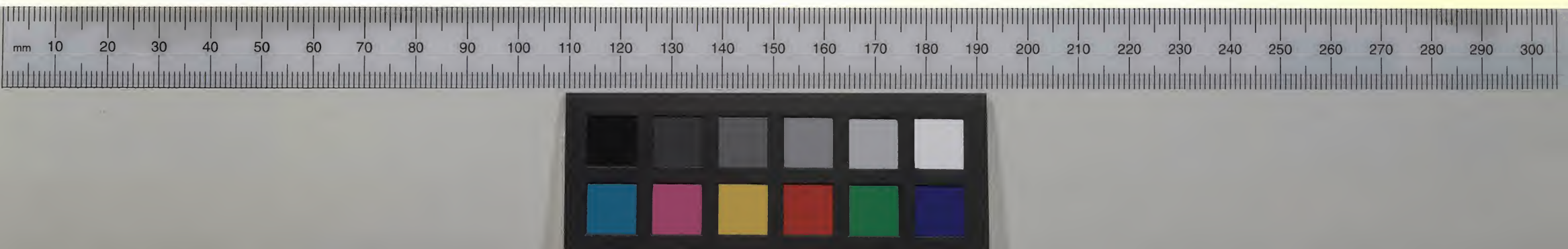
Right

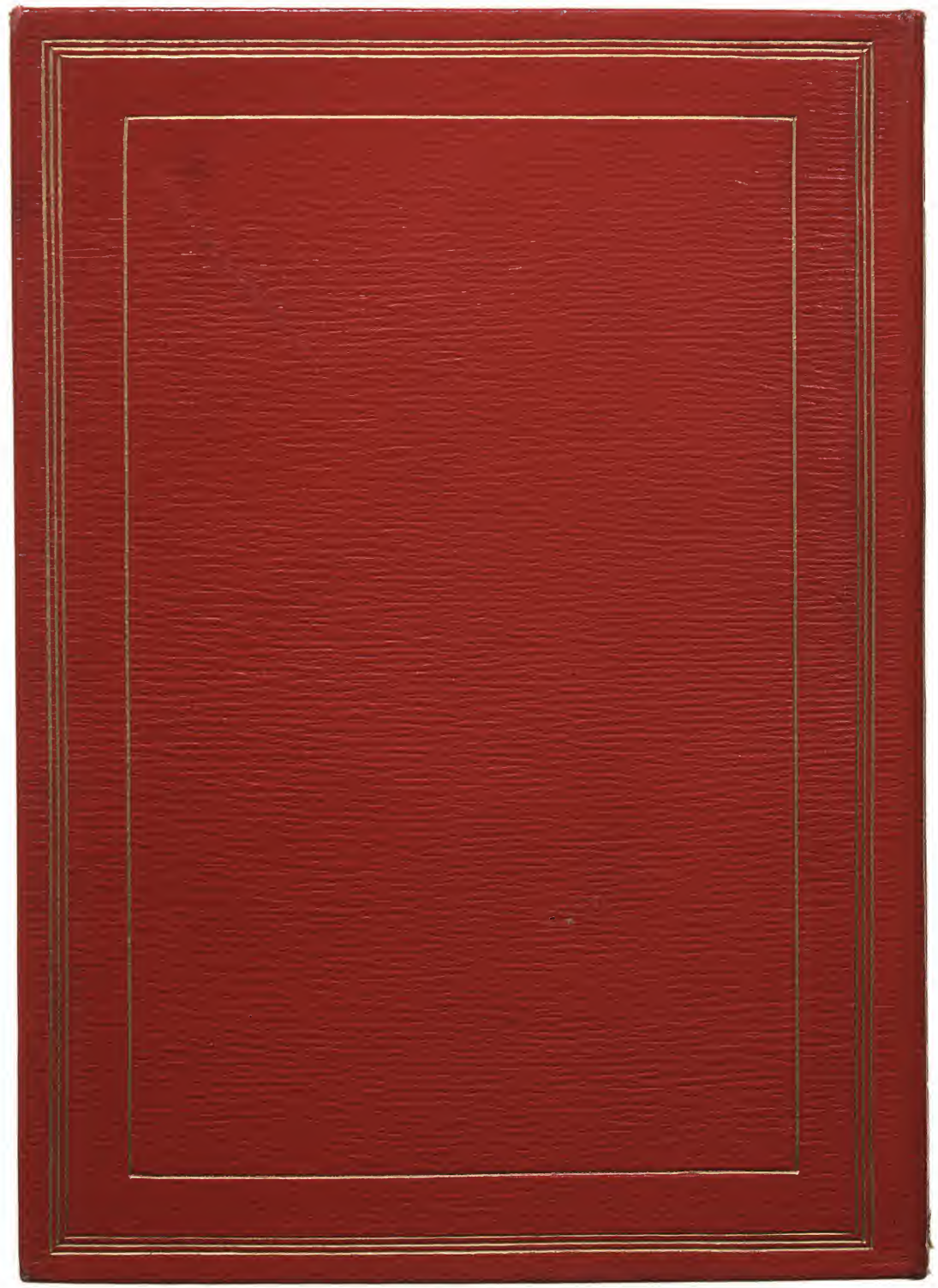
Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies Lord Stanley will he bring his power ?
Mes. My Lord he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord the enemy is past the marsh,
After the battell let George Stanley die.
King. A thousand hearts are great with in my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inspire vs with the speene of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them, victory sits on our helpes.
Alarum excursions, Enter Catesby.
Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*, rescew rescew.
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all one foote he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Rescew, faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard*
King. A horse, a horse my Kingdome for a horse.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse:
Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond. Darby bearing the Crowne with other Lords.
Rich. God and your arme be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloudy wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes with all,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen say Amen to all,

But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in *Leister* towne,
Whether if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. what men of name are slaine one either side?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, sir
Robert Brokenbury, sir William Brandon.
Rich. Enter their bodies as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the white rose and red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long hath frown'd vpon their enmity.
What traytor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, beene butcher to the sire,
All this deuided *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
Deuided in there dire diuision.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if thou will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace,
With smiling plenty and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudie dayes againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in streames of bloud,
Let them not liue to tast this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuell wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue heare, God say Amen.

FINIS.




mm 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 110 120 130 140 150 160 170 180 190 200 210 220 230 240 250 260 270 280 290 300



SHAKSPEARE. RICHARD THE THIRD. LONDON. 1629.
52